

The Rings Of Saturn

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Genre: Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Ambiguous/Open Ending, Biting, Blood, Blood As Lube, But that is a given, Canon-Typical Violence, Canonical Character Death, Explicit Sexual Content, First Time, Fix-It of Sorts, Hair-pulling, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse, Loss of Virginity, M/M, Mildly Dubious Consent, Missing Scene, Painful Sex, Patrick is one sick puppy, Pennywise in Disguise, Pseudo-Incest, Rough Sex, bottom!patrick

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Summary:

The mattress he was laying on had a torn and dirty sheet covering it. It was adorned with rocket ships and stars, reminding him of the bed set he had as a child, but there was an erratic splatter of dried blood painted across its cosmos like mini galaxies.

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Author's Note:

- For [Java1](#).

So yeah. This was suggested to me by a lovely person and I absolutely had to drop everything I was doing (which wasn't much, mind you) and write it because why the hell wouldn't I?

Patrick felt *dead*.

Everything around him was black and he couldn't move as his body was paralyzed from a trauma he couldn't fully remember. All he knew for sure was that his entire body had gone cold and the smell of death was heavy in the air around him. Hence why he felt as if he had finally claimed his own personal spot in hell. If that is the case, Patrick expects nothing less than the throne itself. The thought made Patrick huff out a weak laugh as he entertained the idea of making the devil himself his bitch for all eternity.

As Patrick started to come to, the throbbing sensation in his head became more apparent and he groaned with discomfort. His head was swimming with what felt like a concussion, like someone had bashed his skull into a stone wall. Patrick could even feel a faint trickle of blood running down his temple and down his cheek. There was enough blood to make his hair stick to the side of his face.

Patrick shifted slightly and things started to piece together slowly for him. His clothes were damp and clinging to his body uncomfortably. He must have gotten knocked out and dragged through the grey water while he was unconscious, which made sense given the fact that his whole body felt deathly cold. He also noted the fact that the surface he was lying on felt lumpy, but far more accommodating than the grimey stone ground of the sewer. Lumpy and springy like an old mattress.

His head lolled back and forth almost as if a certain place in his head had been weighed down with lead and was frantically trying to keep

his skull balanced properly. Patrick's eyelids fluttered open groggily, vision blurry from his massive migraine, and he struggled to focus on his surroundings. A silhouette eclipsed what little light there was and a warm weight had settled over his waist, jolting Patrick from his musings so fast it made his head spin.

Patrick's heart pounded in his chest, much like the animals he's tortured in the past in their final moments of life, and he gaped in awe at the figure straddling his waist. His eyes started to adjust in the low light of the damp, dank sewer and he blinked past the foggiess of his migraine to take in the sight of a boy sitting on his lap. The boy simply grinned down at him for a long stretch of time, staring at Patrick in a hypnotic way that kept him paralyzed.

It took Patrick a few long moments to really get a good look at the kid and when he was finally able to get a good look at him his breath caught slightly.

He knew this boy when he was just a baby and despite the kid now being around his age, the familiarity was unmistakable. Patrick knew those eyes. They were the same shade of blue as his mother's, but somehow even brighter. *Radiant*, even. He knew this because Patrick, too, shared the same piercing eyes as his mom. Not only that, but the boy's nose sloped in a very unique way Patrick would never forget. And that smile... It took some squinting to see it properly, but Patrick recognized that smile.

"Avery?" Patrick breathed out in a skeptical whisper, eyes wide.

It couldn't be though, right? He was supposed to be dead. Patrick remembered in vivid detail how he had *smothered* his little baby brother. He remembered how it made him feel. This wasn't real. Even if he was alive, he shouldn't be this old. Then again, here he was towering over Patrick and smiling at him with an almost unsettling politeness to it.

"What's the matter? Aren't you gonna say hello to your own brother?" Avery inquired, still grinning down at Patrick.

"You're not my brother," Patrick replied in awe.

“Don’t be silly! Of course I am!” Avery chided with a throaty cackle. The smile on his face faltered slightly, looking almost beraft and upset. “Haven’t you missed me at all, Patrick?”

Avery reached down and stroked a hand through Patrick’s shaggy hair. It was damp from the grey water, but Avery had no trouble carding his fingers through the dark strands. Patrick still couldn’t move despite his many attempts to do so, but he could feel the weight of Avery on his waist and the way his hands pet him all over. Whether it be stroking his hair or running his fingertips teasingly over his chest.

“Because I’ve missed you. I’ve missed you *so* much Patrick,” Avery murmured.

“You’re dead, Avery,” Patrick lamented, reminding himself more than telling Avery.

“And whose fault is that?” Avery accused, grabbing Patrick sharply by the chin. “Do you remember what you did? You smothered me with your pillow when I was in my crib, remember?”

There was a deathly calmness to his voice but it was slightly diluted by something *demonic*. Patrick could do nothing but stare up into his *brother’s* radiant eyes that seemed to glow in the dark and hypnotize him. Avery ran his hands up under Patrick’s shirt and pushed it up slightly. Patrick flinched at the touch. He was half expecting Avery’s touch to be frigid, but it was strangely warm considering. Well, at least warmer than the cold that had engulfed him since waking up.

“You just kept pressing down until the light left my eyes. How did that make you feel when you realized I was dead? Did it excite you? I bet it did,” Avery said in a voice that was far too low for him. He was sitting back a little now, pressing his full weight onto Patrick’s lap. “You never even gave me a chance to love you before you decided you didn’t want me.”

“You were becoming real. I had to stop you from replacing me,” Patrick stated, shivering when Avery’s hands ran further up his sides.

“That’s a shame considering we never had an opportunity to bond

properly,” Avery purred as he bent down over Patrick’s body.

His hands were planted firmly against Patrick’s chest to keep him steadied and upright. The closer Avery got the better Patrick could make out his features in the dim sewer. Avery almost looked like him in a way, same eyes same smile, though he looked more like their father. His hair was a dark shade of brown and his features were boyish. The kind of face and demeanor that screamed innocence and naivete even when his voice was fluctuating from soft amusement to raspy deviance. It was almost as if he was possessed. It made Patrick’s skin crawl.

“Oh, but... Don’t! You! Worry!” Avery enunciated with a sing song quality to his voice, flashing that disturbing joker-like grin of his again. “We have *all* night long to catch up.”

Avery bent down further, closing the distance between them until his lips were pressing against Patrick’s in a sweet caricature of a kiss. It was equal parts polarizing and bewitching at the same time. Avery sat back, his teeth and eyes gleaming in the low light.

“And I plan to make the most of it,” Avery practically taunted, letting the *T* in *it* pop slightly as he lingered on the syllable.

There was nothing Patrick could do as Avery slid off of him and flipped his limp body over so that he was on his stomach. His body was still paralyzed for whatever reason, which made him dead weight to Avery’s manhandling as he was ragdolled around. He could move his head around but that was about it. So he did the only thing he could and looked around ahead of him as his chin dug into the filthy mattress.

The mattress he was laying on had a torn and dirty sheet covering it. It was adorned with rocket ships and stars, reminding him of the bed set he had as a child, but there was an erratic splatter of dried blood painted across its cosmos like mini galaxies. Patrick craned his head upwards, willing himself to have enough strength to see beyond the bed. He hardly noticed the sensation of Avery yanking his pants off when he was finally able to look up.

The whole place he was in was like a huge circular chamber and in

the center of it all was a mountain of junk, bikes, and discarded toys that only seemed to get more and more narrow the higher it went. It was like a monument, extending up towards the halo of light that trickled into the dark and dingy sewer. That in itself was unsettling enough, but what made Patrick seize up even more is when he saw what circled the giant mountain of garbage.

There had to be dozens of children up there just floating around it, suspended in the air like the trash heap was Saturn and they were the rings surrounding it. Before Patrick could fully comprehend what he was seeing, his head was being pushed firmly into the mattress and his legs were being spread apart. The cold air that caressed the more intimate areas of his body brought to light that Patrick was naked from the waist down.

He hadn't even noticed what was happening to him until now. He was too dazed by the whole situation that Patrick didn't consider what *Avery* intended to do with him. It only became apparent when the cold claimed his lower half even more so than the rest of him and he felt a presence press against him from behind. Patrick turned his head to one side and spotted *Avery* out of the corner of his eye, still grinning like a maniac.

The mattress dipped and *Avery's* presence inched closer towards him. That's when he heard the telltale noise of a zipper coming undone and the soft rustling of clothes being pushed out of the way. He felt something hot and solid press into the exposed area between his legs and his heart nearly stopped. Patrick tried in vain to jumpstart his body to get it moving, but he just laid there like a beached whale, helpless and confused.

"Why can't I move?" Patrick cried, finally panicking as the reality of the scenario started to set in.

"Don't worry about it. All you gotta do is lie there and relax," *Avery* cooed in his ever fluctuating tone. He pressed himself further into Patrick's contact and made the boy gasp. "Unless you want this to hurt."

Patrick didn't know how to respond to that. What was the use anyway? It's not like he could get up and walk away at any given

moment. He was ultimately at the mercy of this *thing* that called itself his brother. *Avery* grabbed Patrick's hips and pulled his pliant body back towards him, making Patrick inhale sharply when he felt the tip of *Avery's* manhood pressing into the resistance of his body firmly. Patrick made a noise that sounded like a whimper caught deep in his throat.

"Avery, what are you doing?" Patrick asked when he strained to see what *Avery* was doing behind him.

"I'm bonding with you, big brother!" *Avery* replied in a chillingly cheerful tone. *Avery* leaned over Patrick's prone body so he could whisper in his ear. "Don't you wanna bond with me, Patrick? It'll be so much fun."

Patrick shivered when he felt *Avery's* breath creeping down his neck. There was a slight decayed quality to it and the smell of it made Patrick's stomach turn. *Avery* pressed his lips to the side of Patrick's neck, distracting the other boy as he pushed forward. *Avery* breached Patrick's body with a rough shove, causing a scream to tear through his throat. If he could move, he'd be clawing at the filthy mattress until his knuckles turned white.

The pain was excruciating to say the least. Patrick has never done this before and even if he had, there was no easing into it. *Avery* didn't bother to take any precautions with Patrick, opting to take the boy just as he is without any preparation. Patrick could feel his body tearing to accommodate *Avery* and it was enough to make Patrick cry. He could feel blood start to run down his inner thighs, tickling the cold skin with bold red streaks, as warmth bloomed throughout his lower half.

His body went slightly numb when *Avery* began to thrust into him. The blood eased the way, but only by a little as Patrick's body was still putting up some resistance. Patrick wailed and sobbed into the dirty surface of the mattress as *Avery* ignored his cries of agony in favor of pushing deeper. Tears prickled at the corners of his eyes and he drooled from how agape his mouth was as it continued to let out pained groans and slight hitches in breath. It hurt like hell. It was probably one of the more painful experiences of his life, but it had a silver lining to it.

The more Avery moved inside him, the more accustomed Patrick became to the throbbing pain and embraced it. He still grunted, but the noises coming from him gradually morphed into something resembling pleased agony. The pain and stimulation made Patrick's thighs tremble, as if he was finally gaining back control over his body, but he continued to lay there like a dead fish, taking whatever Avery gave him.

Patrick's body was lunging up and down the length of the mattress from the intensity of Avery's thrusts, causing his face to grind unceremoniously into the rough material of the torn sheet. The sounds coming from him were becoming more incoherent with each jerk of Avery's hips until it was just an endless string of low curses and whimpers. Patrick swore Avery's hand gripped tighter when he actually let loose and *moaned*.

"I always knew you liked hurting others, Patrick. It *excites* you," Avery surmised with a taunting tone. His voice was a low hiss in Patrick's ear as he fucked the moans out of the boy. "I never actually took you for the type to get off on pain as well."

"It makes me feel alive," Patrick admitted with a sob, voice slightly muffled by the mattress. "Makes me feel *real*."

He almost sounded ashamed to say it out loud, but it brought out a throaty chuckle from behind him. That same demonic laugh that didn't sound human at all, but managed to make Patrick shudder all the same. Without warning, Avery sank his teeth into the junction of Patrick's neck and shoulder and bit down hard enough to break skin. Patrick wailed when he felt the blood start to trickle. Even in the midst of Avery gnawing on him, Patrick could swear he felt more teeth than he thought he would. They even felt *sharper* somehow.

"Is this real enough for you Patrick?" Avery hissed into the boy's ear, grinning to reveal his blood stained his teeth.

Patrick groaned, feeling drops of blood land and splatter against his cheek, but managed to push himself back against Avery. This caused Avery to gasp unexpectedly, as he was both amazed Patrick was able to move as well as pleased when he slid further inside the blood slick heat of Patrick's body. His hips faltered and he gripped Patrick's

cheeks hard enough to dig his nails into the pale skin and leave crescent shaped divots. Avery slapped Patrick on the ass to keep him from squirming around and was pleased when Patrick immediately stilled and whined.

“You’re enjoying this aren’t you?” Avery inquired vehemently, sounding vaguely offended by the idea. “You’re a sick, twisted little boy, Patrick.”

So what else is new? Patrick wanted to scoff.

The words were callous and his tone was venomous, but Patrick made a noise of approval anyway much to Avery’s annoyance. Patrick wasn’t supposed to be enjoying himself. That wasn’t how this worked. That thought alone made Avery thrust harder into Patrick, doing his most to make the kid scream in discomfort, but it only seemed to fuel Patrick’s tirade of moans.

It ultimately made no difference, Avery decided in the end. He was still hurting Patrick and making him play into the delusion that Avery was actually the one doing this to him. Patrick wouldn’t be the same after this encounter regardless of how much joy he was getting out of it. There were more powerful emotions other than fear, after all. And, sure, it would leave a bitter taste in Avery’s mouth later, but he could still have fun with this at least.

Patrick’s body felt like it was freezing and on fire all in a single bound and the feeling in his thighs was all but gone at this point. The sound of Avery’s hips colliding into his body echoed around the chamber of the sewer and the motion made him grind against the mattress, further stimulating him with harsh friction. It also didn’t help that Avery was taunting him and clawing at his body. He’d be covered in welts before this was over... assuming he’d get out of here alive, that is.

Patrick could imagine it now. Stumbling out of the sewer on shaken, weak legs and his naked body covered in blood and grey water as he called out for help. It was oddly satisfying to him in a way.

Avery snapped him out of his musings when he started to pull viciously on a handful of Patrick’s matted hair. It reeled his head

back a little and exposed the nasty bite mark on his neck. Avery bit Patrick again, but in a different spot this time, and drew blood with the same effect as before. No matter what was thrown at him, Patrick responded positively and enthusiastically.

He loved all of it. Patrick loved the sensation of his body going numb from the overwhelming pain deep inside of him. He loved feeling blood trickle down his thighs and neck as it left behind warm sticky trails of scarlet. He loved the sharp fang-like teeth and nails piercing his body. There was no denying it when it was clearly pushing him closer to the edge. Having Avery's cock splitting him open was just an added bonus to this whole sick game.

And when Patrick finally did climax it was both euphoric and animalistic. He howled like an animal in heat, the scream practically tearing his vocal chords when his body convulsed from the impact of it. He felt his cock spasm against the filthy mattress, making him arch marginally into Avery's contact. Patrick's body shook from the aftershocks as Avery's cock lodged somewhere deep inside of him and his toes curled for a brief moment of control. His orgasm hit him so hard that it drained everything out of him.

So much so, that when Patrick came down from his orgasmic high, bright and blinding lights appeared before his eyes. They were so hypnotic and brilliant that it made his eyes roll back into his head and knocked him out. His body went limp for real this time, like that of a dead body, and the warmth that had momentarily engulfed him was slowly fading away now. Just like the lights were slowly receding back into the darkness. Whether Patrick had *actually* passed out from the lights or blood loss and trauma didn't seem to matter.

Patrick was *floating* now and he didn't want to come down.